THE FACE OF ONE WORLD . . . By Richard Edes Harrison

THE Saturday Review OF LITERATURE

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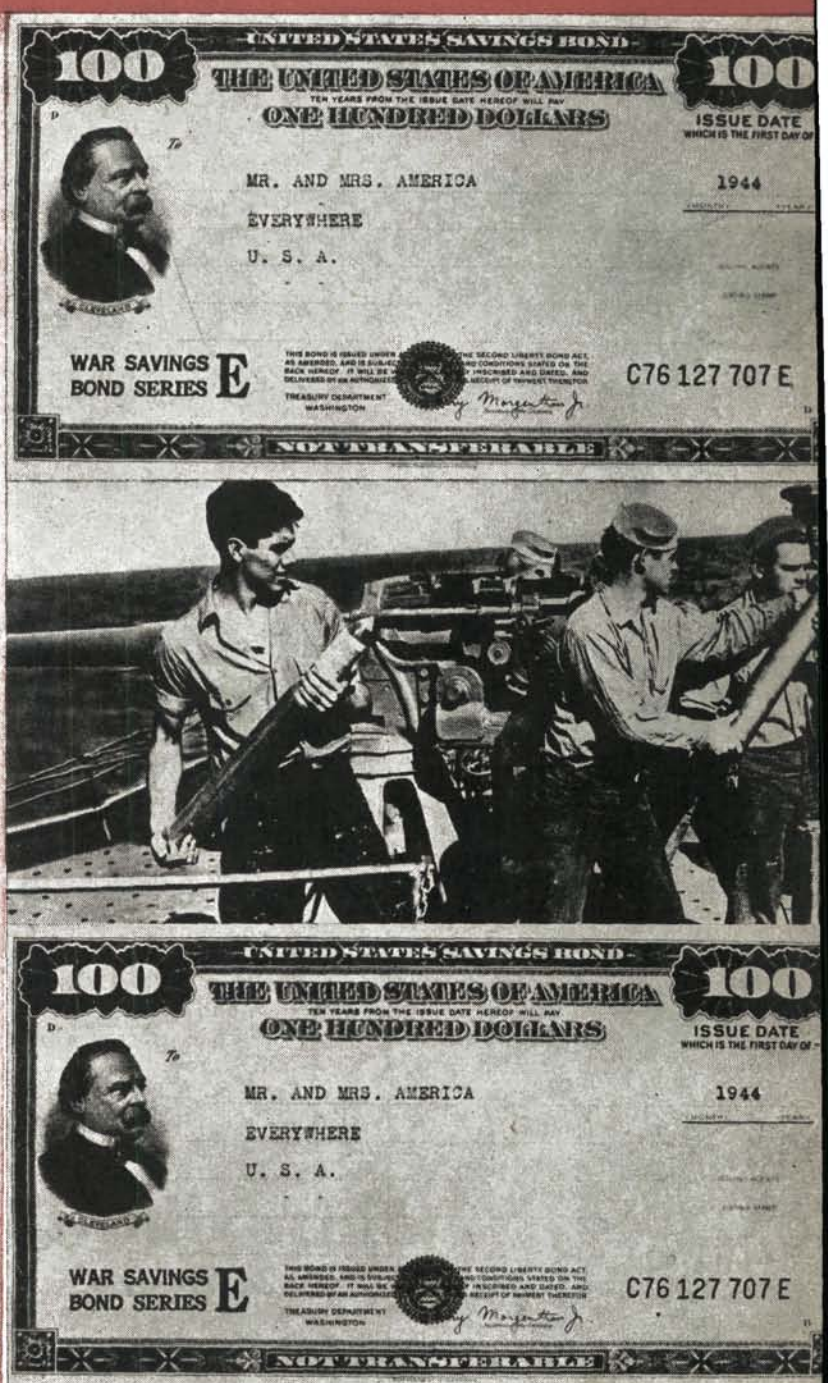

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This Week

Features

PAGE

THE FACE OF ONE WORLD
Essay review of:

WORLD MAPS AND GLOBES
By Irving Fisher and O. M. Miller

GLOBAL GEOGRAPHY
By George Renner & Associates

THE GEOGRAPHY OF THE PEACE
By Nicholas J. Spykman

ATLAS OF GLOBAL GEOGRAPHY
By Erwin Raisz

DOWN TO EARTH
By David Greenhood

A WAR ATLAS FOR AMERICANS, O.W.I.

LOOK AT THE WORLD
By Richard Edes Harrison

By Richard Edes Harrison 5

ARCHITECTS OF BABEL
Essay review of:

SAY WHAT YOU MEAN
By John B. Opdycke

THE LOOM OF LANGUAGE
By Frederick Bodmer

By Jacques Barzun 7

Reviews

A WALK IN THE SUN
By Harry Brown
Reviewed by Ben Ray Redman 11

ARMY OF SHADOWS
By Joseph Kessel
Reviewed by Frederick Gruin 14

THE MIRACLE OF AMERICA
By André Maurois
Reviewed by George Genzmer 15

A TREASURY OF AMERICAN FOLKLORE
Foreword by Carl Sandburg
Reviewed by John A. Lomax 18

BORN IN BATTLE
By Captain Rowan T. Thomas
Reviewed by Fletcher Pratt 19

Departments

STRICTLY PERSONAL
By Struthers Burt 10

EDITORIAL 12

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR 13

TRADE WINDS
By Bennett Cerf 16

LITERARY CRYPT: No. 54 17

YOUR LITERARY I.Q. 20

THE PHOENIX NEST
By William Rose Benét 21

DOUBLE-CROSTICS: No. 536 23

DOUBLE-CROSTICS CLUB 23

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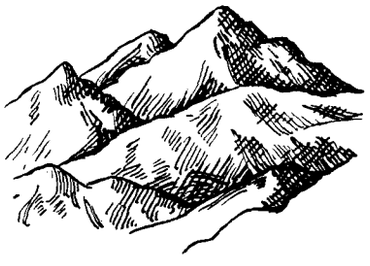

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The Saturday Review of Literature

The Face of One World

Five Perspectives for an Understanding of the Air Age

RICHARD EDES HARRISON

EDITOR'S NOTE: *On very infrequent occasions in the past,* The Saturday Review *has asked authors to review their own books. In view of Mr. Harrison's eminence, as well as the fact that he is* The Saturday Review's *"regular" expert on books dealing with cartography and geography, we have asked him to include his own newly published "Look at the World" in his general discussion, fully cognizant of limitations he would impose upon himself in discussing his own work.* The SRL *readers familiar with his work know that it speaks for itself.*

NEARLY a year ago in *The Saturday Review* I discussed the "War of the Maps" and appended a short reference list of old and new titles. The intervening months were suspiciously quiet until a month or so ago when the new books* started tumbling out in rapid succession. The current barrage is a great advance both in quality and quantity over the meager output available last July. At that time the battle was being fought mainly in the magazines, in pamphlets, and in a few light-weight books. Its outlines were confused by the fact that the most vociferous proponents of the new order in maps were ill-equipped to speak authoritatively.

We now have two excellent new books on map projections, three atlases of orthographic and perspective maps, and two works on political geography (with another to come in August) which lay special stress on maps. These are all addressed to the general public. There are many others, such as Lobecks' & Tellington's "Military Maps and Aerial Photographs," which are addressed to the profession or to the armed forces and which will not be considered here.

The geographical profession itself has not contributed heavily to this output except in an advisory way, the reason of course being that this undermanned profession is busy fighting a war *with* maps and has little time for a war *about* them. Of the professional geographers who have found time for authorship, only O. M. Miller and Erwin Raisz have made worthwhile contributions. Of the others, Renner has produced a rather negative work in a collection of well-intentioned and well-documented but dullish tracts. His own chapter on "Geography and War Strategy" proves again that his cartographic knowledge has a quick-sand base. He still thinks that a polar-centered projection is *the* map for Pacific Ocean strategy. Walter Ristow has contributed a good chapter on the history of cartography. The maps used are from mixed sources and are generally undistinguished.

—*From "Down to Earth."*

Equidistant projection of world, centered upon the North Pole.

"The Geography of the Peace," an outgrowth of the lectures and notes of the late Dr. Spykman, is the only positively bad work on the list. It has been reviewed in these pages but the reviewer, Dr. Weigert, concerned himself only with the political and strategic conclusions therein. Unless Dr. Spykman's notes were misread by his colleagues, we must assume that his knowledge of cartography was scanty. The maps themselves were very competently executed by J. McA. Smiley, but their selection was obviously the work of those who probated Dr. Spykman's cartographic will. In the chapter "Mapping the World" it is stated, for example, that the stereographic projection is limited to a hemisphere. This error suggests lack of understanding of the rather simple construction of this projection. The azimuthal projections are stated to be projected from a certain point; this is true of three but not of two highly important ones, the equidistant and the equal area. Judging from these and other dubious statements made on a subject which need never be anything but precise, the chapter was not submitted to a capable cartographer for review. Having stubbed its toe on map construction the chapter goes on to dispose of the claims of enthusiasts for polar projections. I have denounced some of these claims myself but am perfectly willing to fight for polar projections when the argument against them is put in the following terms:

> But the fact remains that the polar projection is of strictly limited help in understanding the problems of the United States in total war. [Indeed so is any map.] The significant fact about the position of North America in the world is not that the icy wastes of Northern Canada and Russian Siberia are the littoral of a mediterranean sea and that the Mackenzie and the Lena Rivers flow in the same ice-covered ocean. It is the fact that our continent lies *between* the European and Asiatic power centers of the Old World and is separated from them by oceanic distances.

Now let us leave projections for the moment and consult a globe (which we know can't lie). The problem is to discover and portray the relations between three power centers, ours in North America, the Asiatic, and the European. Whether they are connected by direct great circles or by two oceanic routes and the Eurasian over-

**WORLD MAPS AND GLOBES. By Irving Fisher and O. M. Miller. New York: Essential Books. 1944. 168 pp. $2.50.*

**GLOBAL GEOGRAPHY. By George Renner & Associates. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Co. 1944. 800 pp. $5.*

**THE GEOGRAPHY OF THE PEACE. By Nicholas J. Spykman. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1944. 66 pp. $2.75.*

ATLAS OF GLOBAL GEOGRAPHY. By Erwin Raisz. New York: Global Press. 1944. 64 pp. $3.50.

DOWN TO EARTH. By David Greenhood. New York: Holiday House. 1944. 262 pp. $4.

A WAR ATLAS FOR AMERICANS. OWI. New York: Simon & Shuster. 1944. 86 pp. $1.00 paper, $2.50 boards.

LOOK AT THE WORLD. By Richard Edes Harrison. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1944. 57 pp. $3.50.

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land route, these three centers form a triangle, the center of which in either case is not far from the North Pole. To demonstrate this triad axis the best flat map is one whose center of accuracy is the nearest point which is symmetrical to the three apexes; in other words, the North Pole. Furthermore, being a completely continuous map, not only the triangle but the intervening and surrounding territory is presented without interruption (which is not possible on any equator based map). The map reveals the important geographical fact that the crossing of the Pacific is practically a coastwise operation, and this is true to a considerable extent of the North Atlantic. The end result of the chapter is the selection of the Miller cylindrical map (equator centered) to "explain the geopolitical position of the United States"! It should be added that the authors also erroneously describe the construction of this projection, which is really an excellent general map, if a cylindrical projection is indicated. One of the Miller maps is entitled "The Western Hemisphere Encircled." This map-happy climax calls for two comments: first, it is about the least effective way to demonstrate encirclement, and secondly, any competent cartographer can demonstrate honestly and effectively that any city, country, or continent is entirely surrounded by the rest of the world. Geopolitics may be as simple as the Spykman formula but geography certainly isn't. I have gone into this at such length because I am afraid that few realize the cartographic immaturity of geopoliticians in general and the Spykman school in particular.

The Fisher-Miller and Greenhood books should do much to get our cartography back on the track. They are the first full dress books on map projection to be addressed to the American layman. Our chief dependence so far has been on Deetz and Adams, and Erwin Raisz, whose works were intended more for the classroom and specialist. "Down to Earth" follows the principle utilized in several English works that, if you learn to make a map of your own neighborhood, you have a sound start in understanding maps. An effort was evidently made to write in a style for everyman. No difficult technical terminology is used without clear explanation. The book can be criticized for getting too deep into the preliminary subjects of coordinates, ecliptics, scale, etc., before a general consideration of projections is reached. The discussion of the controversial projections is very intelligently and fairly handled. It is handsomely designed, well indexed, and profusely illustrated with black and white cuts mostly by Ralph Graeter, who shows sound graphic instincts, but whose work could be more precise cartographically. The book is generous in size and has achieved high production standards.

"World Maps and Globes" is a compact and meaty little volume by the famed economist, Irving Fisher, who herein returns to his earliest professional field (geometry) and O. M. Miller, head of the Department of Maps and Survey of the American Geographical Society, and one of the top men in his profession. The book limits itself to a discussion of globes and mapping the world or major fractions thereof, since on lesser areas the problem of distortion decreases progressively. It is entirely illustrated with brand new two-color drawings by William Briesemeister and others. They are precise to a fault and for years to come will provide (with or without permission) definitive source material for other books. My only quarrel with them is the selection of the second color, which is a vibratory nedick orange. The language is simple enough but does not compromise with precision. The authors are still unwilling to assign an important role to the orthographic and perspective projections, although these are surely the missing link between globes and maps. Dr. Raisz pointed out the special virtues of the orthographic as early as 1938. One original contribution in the book will make cartographic history, and that is a fool-proof method for demonstrating the relative distortion of projections. Cartography has waited a long time for a good solution of this problem. Not only will the layman who is willing to enlighten himself concerning world maps find this book invaluable, but it will undoubtedly become a standard text for the professional. Like "Down to Earth" it is well documented and indexed. It also contains a glossary and a tough but fascinating quiz section.

The three atlases represent the coming of age of the "global" approach.

—From "Look at the World."
Europe: More close neighbors than any other continent.

Although all three use the orthographic projection ("Look at the World" also uses true perspective projections), they differ widely in execution and content. All have special appeals to the general reader. The "War Atlas" is just that; inexpensive and in two colors only, it presents an excellent exposition of the geography of the war, its history and prognosis. The eighty odd maps were well executed by Emil Lowenstein and his staff. The two colors (black and gray-blue) naturally are a limiting factor at times, but the general effect is of a pleasant, well designed book. The index is woefully inadequate. "The Atlas of Global Geography" is a combination of a general geography and an atlas of world problems. The first part is almost too compressed, but I dare say the non-professional reader will like it for that very reason. The second section (on World Problems) is sorely needed today and I hope that Dr. Raisz lives up to his promise to expand it in the future. It is an excellent start, however, and many a layman will for the first time see on maps material which has been buried in more academic publications. The book is in four colors and has evidently suffered from wartime production circumstances. It is lacking an index.

"Look at the World" is more strictly geographical in character. It makes the assumption that an understanding of geographical relationships is prerequsite to the understanding of military, political, and economic relationships. Accordingly the emphasis is on maps, a full scale index, and a relatively subordinated text. Of the maps six are general reference maps and the rest perspectives. Perhaps the difference between the orthographic projection and perspectives should be here explained. The orthographic might be called the infinite case of perspective and is really an isometric drawing rather than a perspective. The effect of this is to eliminate foreshortening, which is most apparent when the projection is centered near the poles or the equator. The perspective on the other hand with its finite viewpoint gives a true feeling of peering at a part of the world. Most of the book is in four colors and was handsomely mounted by Knopf. My essay on the "Geographical Sense" is an exploration of non-geometrical reasons for the misreading of maps. It is hoped that it will inspire more discussion of this neglected subject. Both of the latter books are careful to explain that the orthographic projection is to be considered a useful and exciting supplement but not a substitute for the more conventional reference maps. When you buy your new atlas, don't throw away your Mercator, folks, just find out what it can and cannot do.

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Architects of Babel

Techniques in the Interchange of Ideas

JACQUES BARZUN

FROM all sides come plans and suggestions for truer communion with our fellow-man. Before me are two large new books, "Say What You Mean" and "The Loom of Language"*—well over half a million words of advice on how to make oneself understood in any one of eleven living languages. At my left hand is a batch of pamphlets, all received since the first of the year, on Basic English, Latino, and other international idioms. On my right is a notice from one of our greatest orchestras, urging me to subscribe because "the speech of music is the language understood by peoples of every tongue." And fresh in my mind is the question recently put to me by the Dean of a large university: "Should not all colleges teach communication?"

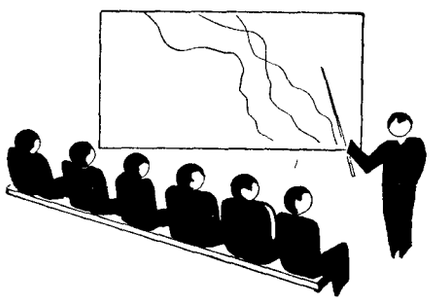
At first, I thought the Dean meant the Morse Code and had in view a temporary war measure. But no: he felt that the world needed freer interchange of ideas and that American students should "lead the way in the use of the proper techniques." All this is rather disquieting. I am professionally interested in words and I am a devotee of music, but I find in this concern with "communication" more jitters than good judgment or true love. To be sure, an era of world orders and peace plans is bound to take up the question of an international tongue, and then one proposal begets another. No doubt the timely publication of the "Loom of Language" owes something to the boom of Basic. Still, the direction which this movement is taking suggests an almost wilful ignoring of the true difficulties. It seems to me to be heading away from mutual understanding and I begin to suspect that it was when the builders of Babel started asking for a common tongue to unite them that they fell to promiscuous murder.

For all these proposed devices overlook one great fact—the fact that communication occurs rather mysteriously, without much prearrangement, and often in defiance of external aids. When we say significantly: "They do not speak the same language" we seldom mean that A speaks only Chinese and B only English. We mean that two persons of the same speech, culture, class, and sometimes of the same family, have not found the way to reach each other's minds. Their failure to communicate is a matter not of vocabulary, but of emotion. Fear, suspicion, or jealousy nullifies the sense of the words they use.

I have gone straight to the most intimate case because that is the standard our reformers should keep in mind. Forgetting it as they usually do, they forget their own pretensions. They offer a medium for rough translation barely fit for business, and then argue that it will help bridge the gap between peoples separated by prejudice, hatred, envy, and competitive greed. The provincialism of this belief borders on comedy. Think again of those sober trustees begging support for music as a bond of unity among peoples! It is in the first place not true that music is a universal speech: even our Western repertoire is a collection of highly individual idioms; and in the second place, it is mad, as only a committee can be mad, to imply that Finland and Russia could be brought together by entr'actes of Sibelius and Shostakovich.

The more elaborate schemes for unity through articulate speech, though more plausible, are just as inadequate. Basic English I leave to Dr. Rudolf Flesch, whose article in the March *Harper's* seems to me conclusive. He shows that the Basic vocabulary is not in any true sense basic, and that intercourse is fantastically hindered, not helped, by its systematic use.

As for teaching the art of communication in colleges, either that is already being done every minute of every class hour, or else it cannot be done at all. To communicate can only mean to transmit thought or feeling with reasonable accuracy. This implies having something to impart, and as in every kind of marksmanship, perfection comes only with practice.



—From "The Farthest Corner."

The means are not limited to what we call language. Art, science, history are ways of communicating, just as are etiquette, love-making, and even fighting. It is a remarkable fact that in almost all modern wars we find instances of fraternization on the battlefield. How explain it except by the effect of a *common experience* which leads men to know what their enemies think, feel, or want? Pidgin talk, sign language, or *tacit* understanding follow the will to communicate.

To be sure, we learn and teach established languages in advance of our needs, but does not that very lack of a need explain why language studies are always and everywhere in a deplorable state? Supply a desire to communicate, or a closely related motive, and language teaching flourishes: the eighteenth-century Englishman masters Greek to obtain preferment in the Church and the twentieth-century anti-lingual American boy laps up Russian or Japanese to obtain officer's rank. Given a genuine personal interest, almost any man, regardless of color or extraction, will learn any language—and quickly, too—without anything being made "easy," "simple," or "rational." This power is one of the signs of being human. It is not a privilege of leisure or brains, as Europe shows in its possession of *two* polyglot classes—the diplomats and the headwaiters.

THESE facts enable us also to judge the worth of semantics as a cure-all. For centuries philosophers have been saying that quarrels are of words, which can be true only in part since the quarrels continue. The study of words makes a philosopher a better molder of his own meaning; it helps the critic uncover fallacies, and leads to the discovery of new beauty in literature, but it is seldom the prelude to a love feast. How often do our semantical critics of poetry mistake the meaning of simple prose when that meaning is inimical to their point of view! This is "basic" in the human sense, and the recent studies of industrial disputes by Paul and Faith Pigors show the same thing on the level of "Oh, yeah?" and "Sez you!"

Which brings me back to the brace of new books dealing with these matters. Mr. Opdycke's "Say What You Mean" may be quickly dismissed. It is a self-help book of English usage designed for the less-than-literate. It is of course full of true and useful information, but it suffers from the intent to be encyclopedic. I may be wrong, but I cannot imagine anyone needing it who could at the same time profit from its avalanche of admonition, examples, and tests. Moreover, Mr. Opdycke's style, half jocose, half pedantic, is hardly a good model for

**SAY WHAT YOU MEAN. By John B. Opdycke. New York: Funk & Wagnalls. 1944. 681 pp. $3.75.*

THE LOOM OF LANGUAGE. By Frederick Bodmer. New York: W. W. Norton. 1944. 692 pp. $3.75.

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general imitation. But I am happy to add that his underlying feeling about language is sound. He is liberal about rules and usage, but makes no concessions to the destructiveness of vulgarians and rationalists.

"The Loom of Language" is another affair altogether. Its main object is to enable the reader to learn the structure of ten modern languages —five Germanic and five Romance—in one operation. It is a home-study text in comparative linguistics. Fluency in reading and in speaking is naturally left to further effort with a dictionary and to conversation with natives, respectively. The introductory purpose of the volume explains its presence in a series with Mr. Lancelot Hogben's widely sold popularizations about science and mathematics. Mr. Hogben is in fact responsible for much of the present work. He appears on the title page as its editor, he virtually acknowledges co-authorship in the preface, and the work itself, as we shall see, reveals his unmistakable touch.

DR. BODMER'S part must have been to provide all the minute information about the form, substance, and history of the languages treated. Only ten, as I have said, are presented in detail, but more than a hundred others, natural and artificial, are referred to. Facts, comparisons, and theories about speech, shorthand, and other means of communication are lavished on the reader with a profuseness likely to impress and bewilder at the same time. The allusions are so many that one begins to wonder why there are not more: if Veltparl is listed, why not Nu Tutonish? If a passing paragraph is given to the pecularities of Kiriwinian, why not give one to those of Chinook? The question points to a very real fault in the conception of the work: it has no standard of selection.

The idea of helping intelligent readers to get the hang of ten languages at once is simple and brilliant. It had already ocurred to Dr. Mario Pei, but his book lacked coherence and overstressed vocabulary. This fresh attempt is far worse; it is mistaken at all points. The size of the book is wrong, to begin with, for popularizations should be brief. It may be a commercial axiom that the unknowing want fat tomes, but responsible scholars should dispute it to the death. Within this bulk, the plan of the book —if it ever had a clear one—disappears. Related forms and principles are given in widely separated parts of the book and in all sorts of contexts. One "loses" them, for the index cannot follow so much fragmentation. The thread of an explanation is likely to be broken by almost any associated truth of a different order. Let one example suffice. The writer is expounding the use of personal pronouns, and suggesting that inflected endings may once have been pronouns put after the verb. This reminds him of the peculiarities of Celtic, where two forms exist—contracted and post-positive. That is his first superfluity; but he goes on: "We must not conclude that the Celtic verb is more primitive than the Sanskrit. Sir George Grierson has shown that modern Indic dialects have sloughed off . . ." and so on for twenty lines. Who in the name of popular education *would* have dreamed of concluding anything about Sanskrit, and who at that point cares what Sir George has shown regarding it?

I would make a guess that all the valuable matter in "The Loom of Language," all that bears on the original sound idea, could have been set down in one-third the space, and with infinitely greater effect. Seeing it concentrated, the authors would have had to organize it; the organization would have exhibited the comparisons and linked principles with paradigms, instead of leaving them scattered and buried under a miscellany of knowledge having little to do with the ostensible aim of the book. When I add to this, as I regretfully must, that the authors' prose is often awkward, the diction sometimes condescending, sometimes obscure, and the sequence of ideas frequently muddled, one can gauge the extent of the miscarriage. Any reader can verify this opinion by turning to Chapter II, "The Story of the Alphabet," and seeing how a true and thrilling tale can be made into a tangled web of words. The very pictures reflect the incoherence of the book, being either needless, ill-placed, or childishly propagandist.

I USE the word propaganda, for the "Loom" has a doctrine beyond its pedagogical use and a bullying tone clearly meant to edify. Some weeks ago in these pages, I had occasion to protest against the belief that human error began about thirty years ago. The tone I now object to reflects the kindred assumption, that human reason was born contemporaneously with the writer of the book. Both notions come from a common impatience with things as they are, coupled with an uncritical faith in some device to settle the trouble. Hence the linking of MM. Bodmer and Hogben's work with Basic English, Union through Music, and Bachelor's degrees in Communication.

The doctrine taught in the "Loom"

Windows

By M. A. DeWolfe Howe

IT is not what these women see
When through the windows of their eyes
They look at all that near them lies;
The shows of common scenery
Are yours and mine no less than theirs.
But let them, unawares,
Remember this—that windows lit
Within are two-way thoroughfares of sight,
And often a light
Behind their eyes will shine,
A steadfast glow,
An altar-flame beside a secret shrine,
However they would hide it from all show,
However far the scene that hallows it.

For one this is a beach-head seas away;
For one the seas between;
For one the blue serene
Of highest air
And the quick fray
With foemen soaring there;
For one the place of pounding guns
And deeds of mercy to the bleeding sons
Of women such as they;
For all, the hope of one great nearing day
When a dear face shall smile on them again—
Or hope that not one memory of the smile
Shall ever fade.

Before these windowed altar-fires that men
May see but while
Their own eyes lift from toil or trade,
Let knees be bent,
Let hearts be reverent.

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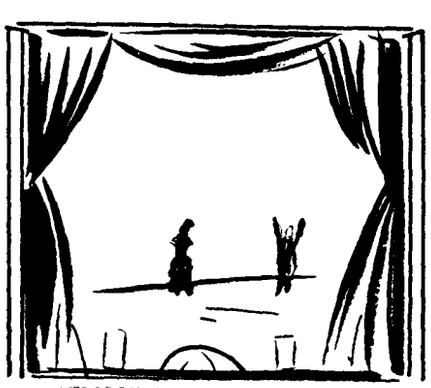
appears as running comments having much to do with life, art, philosophy, and government and nothing to do with the learning of ten languages at once. So characteristic is this decoration that I do not hesitate to put it down as Mr. Hogben's share in the work. He is probably referring to it when he claims in the Preface that he livened up the text with his wit, but that is only his modesty. For these sallies make up, as I see it, a fairly complete indictment of Mr. Hogben's good faith as a conciliator in the midst of warring mankind, and of his qualifications as a critic of human speech.

According to Mr. Hogben, the reason for learning foreign languages is to become a good citizen, whose knowledge thus acquired will help keep world peace. The desire to read foreign literatures, he says, is a "bogus" reason, for "as everybody knows," cheap translations of all good books are everywhere available. This ignorant assertion comes from the prior fact that Mr. Hogben really despises literature. In an earlier essay he told us how the companionship of his children amply made up for his inability to read through "The Brothers Karamazov," and now he takes every opportunity to sneer at the vocabulary used in what he calls "Nobel Prize Novels" as if they formed a fixed species. He speaks repeatedly of "the mausoleum of a nation's literature." To him, clearly, all literature is extinct and only science is alive. It follows that no word that is not used by "plain, sensible people" in their daily round or by those supermen, the technicians, is worth learning. No form, idiom, or image which does not mean business has any business surviving. "Since Danes, who produce good beer and good bacon, have no personal flexions, and since Benjamin Franklin could discuss electricity with only one, it is not obvious that the five of Voltaire's French are really necessary tools."

From this we go on to an unguarded statement informing us that German word endings no longer signify anything, that "fine distinctions of time or aspect . . . have very little relation to the way in which a scientific worker records the correspondence of events . . ." and in short, that "history has pronounced its judgment upon the merits of such flexions." Because English has sloughed them off (at the cost of creating innumerable difficult idioms and prepositional compounds) the other languages should get rid of them—pronto. Their persistence "wastes the nation's brain power" and "prevents the spread of technical knowledge essential to intelligent citizenship."



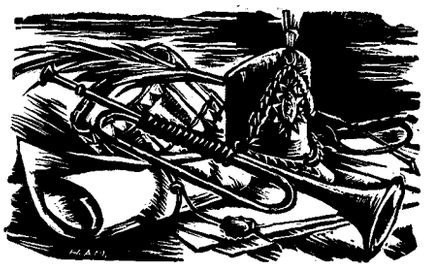
Mr. Hogben's ideal seems to be Chinese—no grammar, few connectives, a string of nouns, which you interpret . . . at your leisure. Dropping the task of teaching you ten living tongues Mr. Hogben sketches by fits and starts the angular outline of a new one, semi-Basic, semi-Beach-la-mar, which must precede the "organization of prosperity on a world-wide scale." Naturally East and West must both use roman letters. Don't shake your head: "Lenin said this to Comrade Agamaly-Ogly, President of the Central Pan-Soviet Committee of National Alphabets."

As for our home policy, Mr. Hogben hints that we are to feel as the French Revolutionary judge is reputed to have felt about Lavoisier: "A civilization which produces poison gas and thermite has no need for humanists who are merely grammarians."

ALL this is Mr. Hogben's political earnestness. His political humor is less funny, if only because it is so repetitive. He multiplies boyish sarcasms about useless gentlemanly accomplishments, about church-goers, mystics, and marginal economists, about Plato's folly and the bourgeois enemies of "income-tax relief for working-class families." He also establishes his dauntless resolve to speak the truth by similes as enlightening as they are apt: "Even now, many linguists approach Bopp's agglutination theory squeamishly, as if it dealt with the human pudenda."

Such an inspired citizen of the Republic of Letters surely makes you wish for the prompt transformation of the world into a federation flying his flag. Peopled by men of his kind—urbane, witty, tolerant, and just—it will be a veritable paradise, for the sake of which East and West will willingly concur in one alphabet and no grammar; and in which an unlimited supply of bacon and beer, made possible by some Global Gab, will sustain splendid talk about electricity.

The only thing overlooked in this program, as in its competitors, is the need of speech to be living, to have cultural roots, and therefore to be tended by workers in words. I have already spoken of the role of feeling in the mystery of communication. Let me close with a bare list of facts and



queries for the language-makers' consideration:

I. Language is spoken and speech varies infinitely; how will the international medium be made or kept intelligible to the ear?

II. Words not only point to things, but also suggest attitudes. How will a system of made-up or trimmed down vocables even begin to say what men want to say?

III. All users of language convey their meaning as much by the form and rhythm of their utterance as by the bare contents of words. How will either a stateman or a salesman achieve communication in a speech possessing no traditional rhythm or literary form?

IV. The greater the number of words needed to say something, the less distinct the expression, the less it "slips into the listening ear." If you make war on words that convey complex ideas and on flexions not yet replaced by other forms, how can you fail to increase the Babel you complain of?

V. Reason plays a great part in language, as is shown by the fact that context rules meaning and leaves few real ambiguities. How will you make a pre-fabricated speech do the work of even the poorest existing language, upon which the reason of generations has been at work, including that of more geniuses than all the reformers put together?

VI. Irrationality, or usage, also moves the tongues of men, with a resulting expressiveness that defies analysis. But drop idioms and "needless" distinctions—as the writers of the "Loom" desire—omit "the" throughout, replace "s" possessive by "of" (as if The Shooting of Dan McGrew were the same thing as Dan McGrew's Shooting), compel Lincoln to say *"Eighty-seven* years ago," and how will you argue against the sentiment and the usage represented by: ME NO LIKE?

In short, language is a product of art, not of science. The people, whom it is the fashion of popularizers to treat as ignorant and insensitive, will show up the fallacy of machine-made language either by becoming as imbecile as their speech, or by building up around its dead bones a new and living idiom, based on their experience, local in sound and sense, and giving form to the meanings they have carved out of reality.

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Strictly Personal . . .

FUROR TEUTONICUS

At first I didn't understand it. As a matter of fact, I didn't understand it fully until a good many years later. Its full implications; its tortuous ramifications. Its Oriental codification and logical unreasonableness. It isn't the sort of thing young people would understand, anyway, unless it were explained to them, and then they wouldn't believe it. At least, young Englishmen and Americans wouldn't, not in those days, and even now it's hard for them to get it through their heads.

It has the stark absurdity which is the truth in this particular research.

But at first I didn't know that. It was only after years of connotation, and similar experiences all over the world, and occasional confessions, unconscious or otherwise, that light dawned upon me. At the time, I was merely puzzled and hurt, and when, a couple of times I lost my temper in return, the results were equally puzzling, and formalized, and bewilderingly sudden and effective. The whole thing seemed so odd. So out of the blue. So unnecessary. Such a tremendous exertion of the adrenalin glands for so little cause given. It was exactly as if, turning on a tap for a warm bath, searing steam had spurted out at you. And coming from a people outwardly so calm and usually so smiling and courteous, not to say subservient, it was especially confusing. At first I put it down to individual idiosyncrasies; fatigue, temporary sour stomachs, a headache. I did not know that it was a national code.

You see, there was first the postal-clerk at Munich. He was a little fellow with a bristling mustache and thick-lensed glasses, and for a couple of months I seemed unable to get away from him. Whatever window I went to, there he was. I think he saw me coming and hurried over and pushed another clerk out of the way so that he could continue his sadistic enterprise. I had offended him terribly, apparently, by trying to mail a parcel one January afternoon—it was cold and there was snow on the ground—five minutes before closing time. Why this should have offended him, I don't know, but the parcel came back through the cubby-hole, and hit me in the chest, and then the window snapped down, almost getting my fingers. It snapped up in the same way, and the dreadful little face looked at me.

Had I no sense of time? Where did I come from? Was I a savage? And the window closed again like a guillotine, but I think I heard the word "narr," which means "fool."

I was very much disturbed. I was in a late-afternoon, meditative mood, and had been thinking how pretty the snow was outside and how lovely the old baroque buildings in the gray light. And then I got mad. And then I thought, "Oh, well—poor little fellow. It's no joke being a postal-clerk, and perhaps he's had trouble with his wife." But when something more or less of the kind happened every time I went into the postoffice, I began to realize that I was being made a whipping-boy, and that's an irritating idea, and so one day I lost my temper just as abruptly and just as intentionally. I leaned through the window and grabbed him by the arm. "Listen!" I said. I could feel his stringy little arm shrink as I did it. It was like holding an octopus.

"Ja?"

"First I am going to kill you," I said, "and then I'm going to report you. I know your name (which I didn't), and I have very powerful friends (which I had). Unless you are polite to me, I shall strangle you."

He said nothing, but I never saw him again.

But I did see the guard on the train between Berlin and Potsdam, and I did see the ticket-taker at the little Hanoverian town, and I did see the little fat man on the way up the Brocken, and I did see a lot of others, and I compared notes with fellow-Americans and Englishmen. These trolls, gnomes, kobolds, and what have you, sprang out at you in the most adventitious way and spoiled the nicest sort of day. For example, the guard who looked like Marshall Hindenburg, and who found me in an empty carriage with the door open just before the train started, couldn't have been more disconcerting. He stuck his head through the door and asked for my ticket, and I smiled and said good morning. It was a lovely spring day, and I felt very well.

"Ja—" he said in a sinister voice. "And good-morning to you, and where you come from, do they never shut doors?"

"Why no," I said, "not when they find them open. I came here very early. I'm sorry."

"Ah, yes. And what good is it to be sorry when a thing is done?"

By now the whole world knows the technique. It starts in a low, rumbling, threatening key, and works up to a shriek. And it goes on interminably.

As for the ticket-taker at the little Hanoverian town, altogether innocently I had taken a *schnell-zug* when I only had a *bummel-zug* ticket. Nobody could have been more contrite, and it was only a question of paying a mark extra, which I did, and the *schnell-zug* hadn't been so darned *schnell,* anyway. But the ticket-taker wasn't satisfied. After insulting me at the gate, he followed me down the street of the quiet little town, deserting his post, and telling everybody that my one purpose in coming to Germany was to defraud the German Empire. The episode with the small fat man going up the Brocken was more personal; I stepped on his foot.

God knows I'd tried not to, and for half an hour or so had been performing the most incredible gymnastics in an endeavor to avoid him. Funiculars bump and grind, and I was hanging to a strap, and we were packed in like sardines. Anyway, I stepped on his foot and immediately leapt off it, and apologized profusely. That was my mistake. I should have sized him up with a cold eye, assumed that he was my inferior, and spoken curtly. Had I learned to wear a monocle, as one of my American friends did, I could have gone from one end to the other of Germany, assured of politeness. But I apologized and made the further mistake of smiling deprecatingly.

On the top of the Brocken there are supposed to be witches. Well, down they came, two or three of them, and stood beside me, yelling and swaying, all the way up to the top of the mountain. And a lot of their friends—fat women—sat on seats and glared at me, and nodded their heads, and

(*Continued on page* 20)

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The Cumulative Power of Harry Brown

A WALK IN THE SUN. By Harry Brown. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1944. 189 *pp.* $2.

Reviewed by BEN RAY REDMAN

THIS short book is a good book. When the publisher says that "one can hardly call it anything less than the 'Red Badge of Courage' of our generation and of this war," he speaks with a publisher's tongue, for Stephen Crane's story adds up to a far more impressive whole than does Private Brown's; but parts of the two narratives are fairly comparable, and the prose of the one successfully sustains comparison with that of the other. Harry Brown is a master of effectively simple sentences and cumulative paragraphs. His ideas, scenes, and images all come through cleanly in expression. There are no loose ends, no frippery, and there is no pretentiousness. What is not communicated so successfully in his work, what is not cumulative, is emotion. There Crane scores.

The action that is ironically entitled "A Walk in the Sun" consists of the landing of an American platoon on an Italian beach, a hesitating, troubled march of some six miles, and the capture of a designated farmhouse. From the beginning, it seems that nothing is destined to go right. The platoon commander is fatally wounded even before the landing barge reaches shore, while his successor is killed almost as soon as they touch the beach; another sergeant takes over, only to collapse under the burden of experience, and it is left to a corporal to lead the platoon to its objective.

Within the bounds of this simple pattern, Harry Brown finds room to say a good deal about war and about human behavior under battle conditions, and what he has to say is worth reading. His characters are those of an author who has weighed the metal of many different sorts of men, sympathetically as well as accurately. Lieutenant Rand, Staff Sergeant Halverson, Sergeants Porter and Hoskins, Sergeant Ward, Corporal Tyne, Privates Rivera and Archimbeau—these men are differentiated not by superficial strokes but by essentials, perceived and put into words with remarkable brevity. And yet, individuals that they are, they all conform to soldier-models established in older wars than theirs. Similar situations evoke similar responses from similar characters, and tradition, consciously or unconsciously possessed, also exerts its shaping influence. As far as the behavior of the characters is concerned, this might as well be a tale of 1917 as of 1943. Which is only to say that it is a true tale of war. The talk no less than the action has its familiar precedents: the talk of men going under fire; the bad jokes and friendly insults, balanced precariously on coiled springs of nervous tension; the serious but meaningless conversations, employed to fill aching voids of anticipation; the over-worked gags, as worn and cherished as lucky pocket pieces.

> The knot of men lapsed into silence in the darkness. They really had not wanted to talk, but they had forced themselves to say something. Talking was a form of bravado. If a man said something, no matter what it was, it seemed to him that he was saying: "Here I am, very calm, very collected. Nothing's going to happen to me. The rest of the company's going to be wiped out, but nothing's going to happen to me. See, I can talk. I can form sentences. Do you think I could make conversation if I knew I was going to die?" Yet every man, inwardly, had a hard core of doubt that rested in the pit of his stomach and threatened to disgorge itself at any moment. Their voices, when they talked, were strange, but none of them noticed the strangeness, because when each man spoke his own voice sounded odd, and so it all seemed correct somehow. If a phonograph of the men's voices had been made then and played back to them later, not one of them would have recognized himself. They would have thought it was a joke—a very elaborate joke. And in a way it would have been.

Familiar, too, are the strength of Corporal Tyne and the weakness of Sergeant Porter, and the author's treatment of both is sure and right, as innocent of sentimentality as it is of melodrama. When it all becomes too much for Porter—the accumulation of Gafsa, Bizerte, Gela, the Sicilian hills, and now this Italian landing, this overwhelming responsibility; when, finally breaking, he clings to the earth while the tears trickle through his fingers, Mr. Brown writes of him:

> Porter did not know why he was crying; he was hardly aware that he was crying at all. He had lost all track of the platoon and the objective and the war. He was beyond all of it. He dug the fingers of one hand into the ground. He wanted something solid under him; he was tired of ideas and orders and the unknown. He was tired of guesswork and waiting and wondering if what was going to happen was what should happen. He had taken refuge in himself, and nothing would shake him out of that secret lair. Sergeant Porter had taken unto himself the final cover, the last concealment. He was unaware of the armored car; he was unaware that it was day, and that there were noises in the distance, and that he was human. All that came through his consciousness was that he was very tired and alone.

This is good writing, in the service of true understanding. It is also fairly representative of the whole book that includes it. And because Harry Brown is a poet, his prose, while never forsaking simplicity, frequently surprises and pleases us with a poet's image: an image, never forced but always fitting, that gives a poetic accent to realistic description.—"The men's mouths were dry. Sounds magnified themselves. The dark closed in like a smotherer's pillow."—"Shells were falling behind them and to the north, along the beach and among the ships. The machine-guns sang like locusts in a summer sun."—"The trees were larger now, and of a different variety. Their branches were clean and lithe, but their trunks warped and gnarled, as though they had had hard births. The whole country looked as though it had fought to come alive; either that or had lived too long."

A distressing number of the "war books" now being published in the face of a paper famine make one think of the civilians who persist in useless travel despite shortages in the field of transportation. But "A Walk in the Sun" fully rates its priority.

—*Photo by Rackrack*

Harry Brown

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 535)

JANE W. CARLYLE:
TO JEANNIE WELSH

(JANE'S FAVORITE COUSIN, AFFECTIONATELY CALLED "BABBIE"—NOV. 12, 1843).

There is absolutely no ease to be had for love or money. . . . We move up and down thro' the house, trying ourselves there and trying in here—and nowhere can any adjustment be effected—a sort of domestic wandering Jew Carlyle has become.

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The Saturday Review
of Literature
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CENSORITIS

THE highly contagious disease, *censoritis,* which has recurrently caused the United States Post Office to break out in a large rash, has apparently infected the War and Navy Departments. In a ruling even more astounding than the Post Office's temporary ban of "Strange Fruit," the Government has notified the Council on Books in Wartime that several distinguished new books, among them Catherine Drinker Bowen's "Yankee from Olympus" and Charles A. Beard's "The Republic," have been rejected for Army and Navy use. This has nothing to do with Sex or Obscenity. The books, it seems, represent a violation of the Soldiers' Vote Act!

First, some background:—

The Council on Books in Wartime is a non-profit service organization of publishers, librarians, and booksellers, which attempts to mobilize books for whatever value they may have in the war effort. The entire book publishing industry has banded together for the first time to give life and force to its conviction that "books are weapons in the war of ideas." Acutely conscious that a single book started this war, the Council has logically and industriously gone about fighting "Mein Kampf" with books of our own.

One of the principal and most laudable activities of the Council has been the Armed Services Editions, a publishing project of unprecedented dimensions carried on in coöperation with the Special Services Division of the Army and the Bureau of Navy Personnel. In attractively designed pocket-size and paper-bound editions, the Council has published for overseas distribution millions of copies of books whose titles are selected by a specially appointed Committee. The general practice has been to add thirty-two titles a month to the list. In this way, the schedule calls for thirty-five million books a year to be shipped to our fighting men.

The Committee's selections, however, are not final. They must be approved by the Army's Special Services Division and the Bureau of Naval Personnel, which buy the books under a non-profit arrangement and handle the distribution. Recently, however, selections already approved by Special Services began to bounce back like a batch of bad checks. Reason: Army and Navy authorities had decided that the books in question violated the Soldiers' Vote Act of 1944. Under this act, any books of general circulation purchased in whole or part by Government funds shall not contain "political argument or political propaganda of any kind *designed* or *calculated* to affect the result of any election for Federal office" (italics ours). In order to prove design and calculation, we suppose that the officials will have to probe deep down into the innermost recesses of the writer's psyche, which is a good trick if they can do it.

Hold on; this is not something from a Gilbert & Sullivan farce but a prosaic account of what has actually happened. But by way of enlarging on the absurdity, consider the following:

"Yankee from Olympus" is a serious, carefully written biography of the late Chief Justice of the Supreme Court, Oliver Wendell Holmes. It was a Book-of-the-Month Club selection and at present is the nation's leading non-fiction best-seller, although the book's popular acceptance is not necessarily a major argument either way in this particular dispute. The issue concerns "political propaganda," and this is where the mystery begins, for "Yankee from Olympus" is as much a piece of political propaganda *designed* or *calculated* to influence the coming elections as a monograph on the Archaeopteryx. After a minute inspection of every page, the only reference to be found that might serve as the basis for the ban concerns a brief conversation between the Chief Justice and Mr. Roosevelt that was confined to a single page and that never went beyond the most innocuous of casual pleasantries. If this is "political propaganda," then so's your "World Almanac."

Even more preposterous is the official decision against "The Republic," a series of brilliant papers on the nature of the American state by one of the nation's most distinguished historians. In an apparent frenzy of literalness, the Army and Navy officials linked the "political argument" restriction of the Soldiers' Vote Act with the Platonic technique used in the book for expounding political theory. The same reasoning, then, should also exclude "The Federalist," Madison's "Constitution Papers," any American history, or any book, in fact, containing the Declaration of Independence or the American Constitution.

Basically, of course, the law itself is bad—incredibly bad. The ostensible intent was to keep electioneering and politics out of the Army in an election year. But whatever the intention —and a strong case can be made against it—the law itself is such a fantastic catch-all that almost any book mentioning the name of—sssh!—President Roosevelt, can be thrown out. Under the law, too, almost anything relating to the political or social history of the United States since 1931 is suspect. We are doing more than keeping "politics" out of the Army; we are keeping out the rudimentary facts of life as they pertain to the operation of this nation. We are creating a hermetically sealed vacuum free of all information and intelligence and yet we complain because our fighting men do not seem to know what they are fighting for.

The entire subject of the New Deal, its history and policy, domestic and foreign, being verboten, that means that almost everything that has happened since 1931 must be relegated to a sort of contamination ward where it will not infect the minds of the youths who came of age during that very period. How about the President's Chicago speech of eight years ago quarantining aggressors? Certainly that has a place in the war against the enemy. How about Lend-Lease? Has that nothing to do with our ability to deal out such crushing blows today? Most importantly, how about the nature of the war itself?

The law, interestingly enough, is much more severe on books than on magazines and newspapers. Can it be that the fact that almost ninety per cent of the daily press is opposed to the President has anything to do with the comparative leniency under which newspapers are permitted to operate? "Yankee from Olympus" is taboo, but the *New York Daily News* can send abroad smear stories that seem to us to be little different from what has been said by many of the accused seditionists now on trial.

So far as the Army and Navy themselves are concerned, what has happened seems clear. In common with all other Government agencies, they have a bad case of Congressional jitters and are straining to avoid antagonizing the hatchet squad in the Capitol. A handful of vociferous Congressmen has been bullying officials into pathetic passivity; when they snap the authoritative whip of Appropriations, there is hardly an official who can't be made to cry "Uncle."

Everything considered, perhaps the wonder is not that there are such incredible blunders as in the case of the rejected books, but that there aren't more.

N. C.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

The *Frank Norris*

SIR: I was so touched by a portion of a letter I received from the widow of Frank Norris, now Mrs. Black of San Francisco, that I felt I must share it with Frank's old friends. Mrs. Black, who is working all day at Red Cross in San Francisco, writes:

> Then this morning I was telephoned to from the shipyards over at Richmond telling me a ship named the *Frank Norris* was to be launched at ten thirty and could I be present. It was one of the times I miss my car and chauffeur. I tried for an hour before I got an automobile and driver to take me over. It takes an hour to get to the Richmond docks and I was simply terrified for fear I'd be too late. Oh, it was thrilling to see that great boat with Frank's name standing out. I was given a ton of roses and had to be photographed a dozen times. A ship worker broke the bottle and then the boat went proudly down the ways and I stood there with the tears pouring down my face. I was the only member of the family present. Charlie and Kathleen are in New York. There was a cynical side to it all, because none of the people knew anything about Frank Norris. I could tell the way they talked. But nothing could spoil that moment when I saw his name on that great ship!

Who knows but someday the *Frank Norris* may meet the *Tusitala* on the high seas and exchange salutes.

AUSTIN STRONG.

New York, N. Y.

Extravagance Barred

SIR: In the name of American literature, please do not publish verse that is eccentric, freakish in form, or obscure.

VALDAR G. BOND.

San Francisco, Cal.

"Illiteracy of Educators"

SIR: What a magnificent blast from Philip Wylie! The "illiteracy of educators"—yes, indeed, and who are more dismally aware of it than thousands of their students and hundreds of their colleagues? As a teacher of English I have had, on various occasions, the embarrassing and impossible obligation to explain wholly unintelligible passages in textbooks on psychology to students who came to me in incredulous bewilderment. Mr. Wylie's article is unforgettable not only for its timeliness but also for its phrases—"books molded with prejudice, darkened by omission, and bearded with bibliography!" Let the "cap and gown Capones" beware. Maybe Mr. Wylie has started something.

By the way, why didn't you identify the author of "How High Will the Price Be?" in your issue of May 27. Readers of such a wise piece of writing deserve to know something about Mr. Halle.

CHARLES FREDERICK HARROLD.

"I not only have the *Ponca City Beacon*, but I am their New York representative."

Spoonerisms

SIR: A long generation ago, the dramatic section of a Chicago Sunday paper published a paragraph that sent me into youthful giggles and gasps, making all attempts at reading it aloud impossible. According to the story, a green young actress in a pastoral play had been assigned the following lines composing the epilogue: "Hope filled their youth, it whetted their love, they plighted their troth." Her fright and confusion produced the following: "Hope filled their trough, it blighted their love, they whetted their tooth."

B. L. KIME.

Chicago.

Culinary Sophistication

SIR: "Life with Father" inevitably reminds me of my mother's retort to my father towards the end of their 57 years of married life (mother survives). Both were illiterate, as was the case of most immigrants born in the Kingdom of the Two Sicilies.

Father's favorite dish (every Sunday) was baked beans. Always, after heartily eating, he would tell mother how they should be prepared. Finally, after half a century, mother came up with this: "You write it down; I'll read it."

LOUIS SALBITANO.

Utica, N. Y.

"How High Will the Price Be?"

SIR: I believe that all Christians who are not of the too literal or nominal type will feel grateful to Mr. Louis J. Halle, Jr., for his excellent paper in your issue of May 27, "How High Will the Price Be?"

I wish this could be printed in vest-pocket form so that it could be carried about constantly by great numbers of men and women who are now facing the future with misgivings.

I believe Mr. Halle has erected the only signpost that points to a surviving civilization.

LOUIS DODGE.

Redondo Beach, Calif.

What's Your Score?

SIR: Someone once said that not one person in 100,000 can correctly pronounce all these common words:

> Data, gratis, culinary, cocaine, gondola, version, impious, chic, Caribbean and viking.

Just thought I'd try the list out on SRL'ers.

JACK PEARSON.

Washington, D. C.

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The Substance in the Shadows

ARMY OF SHADOWS. By Joseph Kessel. Translated by Haakon Chevalier. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1944. 159 *pp.* $2.

Reviewed by FREDERICK GRUIN

"HOW it came about," writes Joseph Kessel of the French resistance movement, "no one will ever know. But one day a peasant cut a rural telephone wire. An old woman put her cane athwart the legs of a German soldier. Tracts circulated. . . . Railroad workers, curates, poachers, bankers helped escaped prisoners to get through. . . . Officers, soldiers, masons, painters concealed weapons. . . . The sap of liberty was beginning to rise in the French earth. Then the Germans and their servants decided to eradicate the rank growth. But the more of it they tore up the better it grew. . . . Blood was what the plant most needed to grow and to spread. Blood has flowed. Blood is flowing. . . . And the plant will become a forest."

In this forest of French resistance, still dark and remote to the outside world, Joseph Kessel, veteran of World War I, distinguished French novelist and journalist, served for three years (1940-43). The hounds of the Nazi and Vichy police finally forced him to leave his dangerous underground work. He escaped, via Spain, to Britain, where he joined the Gaullist ranks and wrote "Army of Shadows." It is a slim and skilful book, an eloquent chronicle of the French underground, done in the suspenseful manner of a fine novel, and admirably translated by Haakon Chevalier. It is also a moving testimonial to a people's silent and heroic struggle for survival.

M. Kessel says he has written nothing but the truth, however incredible and hair-raising it may appear. To protect people who now, more than ever, are hacking at the Boche and his Vichy henchmen, he has disguised faces, invented names, changed locales, camouflaged the undercover technique. But he has not deviated, he swears, from the essential facts and incidents of resistance. Since a documentary account is impossible, he uses the fiction form to tell a story that wells from his heart. M. Kessel is convinced that his countrymen "in the catacombs of revolt," rather than those who squabble in exile, are "the living France" which will create its own light and find its own law.

"Army of Shadows" is told chiefly through the eyes and personality of one Philippe Gerbier, in civil life a prominent engineer, in the underground movement a crack officer. All the striving and suffering, all the props and tools of resistance are woven into Gerbier's adventures. He enters a Vichy concentration camp, a drab enclosure of wood, tar-paper, and corrugated-iron huts. (Thousands of Frenchman, clad in red fatigue suits, rot in such pens.) He meets tired, corrupt Vichy prisonkeepers and their tired, gaunt prisoners. His hut holds an Army colonel, a pharmacist, a schoolteacher, and a young Communist —all arrested on sundry charges of subversion. One day he escapes.

There follow vivid scenes, some blood-chilling, many fantastic, others heroic, all death-hemmed. The resistance executes the informer who sent Gerbier into internment. "Primitive man has reappeared in France," comments the one time engineer as he helps his one time fellow-civilians do the killing. One night, off a secluded shore, Gerbier keeps a rendezvous with a British submarine. He travels to England, meets French leaders on the outside, returns to the homeland by British plane and parachute. The Gestapo gets on his trail. There is a taut chase. Then imprisonment, a march to the execution yard, and finally a last-second, melodramatic deliverance.

Gerbier's comrades are symbols of the men and women of the resistance. Jean-François is a baby-faced extrovert, the ideal courier. By bicycle and train he crisscrosses France, delivers messages, dynamite, weapons, radio transmitters. His frail brother, St. Luc, is seemingly a scholarly recluse in Paris but actually an underground chief. Felix la Tonsure is a garage mechanic whose shiftless ways conceal an indefatigable resistance role.

There are many others in the gallery of "wonderful people," as St. Luc describes them: the housewife who distributes pamphlets in her baby's carriage; the barber who passes clandestine newspapers among his patrons; the editors who keep the clandestine presses running; the farmer who shelters escaped British prisoners on their way through the underground to England; the resolute, tightly disciplined railway workers; the baron who helps the resistance because he prefers a "red France to a blushing France (*une France qui rouge à une France qui rougisse*)."

These are, indeed, "wonderful people"—wonderful not only in France but everywhere in Europe where the silent fight is waged against the Germans. How much they have sapped German strength, at fearful cost to themselves, can probably never be calculated. But so long as they would not submit, on the inner front, the Nazis could not build their European new order and the solid base for world dominion. M. Kessel is less concerned about such matters than the role the "wonderful people" have played in reviving and purifying French nationalism. "The resistance," he writes, "is composed of all Frenchmen who don't want the eyes of France to turn dead and blank. . . . In these days it's the finest word in the whole French language."

—From "Tale of a City."

"Blood was what the plant of liberty needed most to grow."

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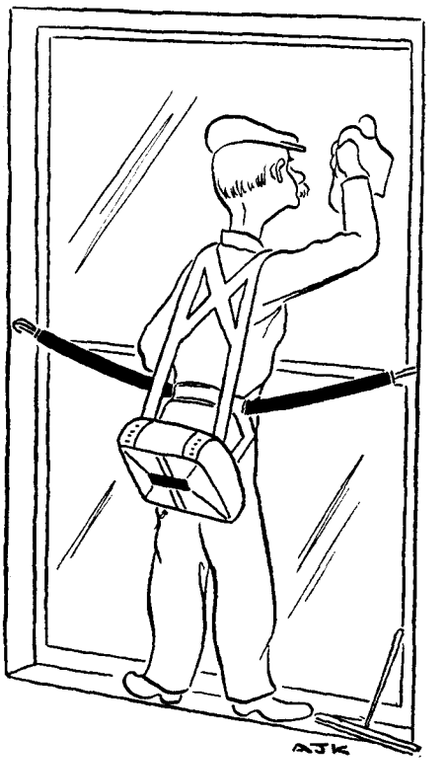
A reception in his honor was whipped up, but there was no time to hire extra servants, and the offer of his ten-year-old daughter to help serve cocktails was gratefully accepted. She was doing fine, too, until her horrified mother heard her go up to an admiral's spouse and say sweetly, "Won't you let me get you your eighth martini?" . . . Saxe Commins's daughter reported that she had learned in school that light travels at the rate of 186,000 miles per second. "Why shouldn't it?" deprecated her small brother. "It's all down hill." . . . Joe Consolino's little boy developed a habit of biting his baby sister. He promised, however, that he'd never do it again—and held out for a full week. Then Consolino caught him at his old tricks. "What about your promise?" Joe asked sternly. "Gosh, pop," said the boy, "I forgot not to." . . . The Ward Greenes have a new maid who does not like to answer the telephone. "I've told you now for the last time that you are to answer that phone when it rings," Mrs. Greene said sharply. "Yas'm," said the maid, "but I don't see no good in it. Nine times out of ten it's fo' you or Mister Greene." . . .

THE DAY IT WAS decided to add the "Complete Works of Tacitus" to the Modern Library series, we chose as editor Professor Moses Hadas of Columbia University and persuaded that academic luminary to attend a conference in the Random House sanctum. We had a fine talk on the subject of Tacitus and agreed as to exactly what things were to go into the volume. Just as he was leaving, the Professor turned to me and asked with a most innocent expression: "Tell me, Mr. Cerf, exactly when did you read that Encyclopedia article on Tacitus?" Caught red-handed, I admitted that I had read it exactly ten minutes before his arrival. "Neat recitation," commented Hadas. "You see, I happened to write that article." . . . Max Schuster received a wire reading, "How much will you advance on a novel of sixty thousand words?" He wired back, "How big are the words?" . . . His partner, Richard Simon, says there is one sure way to tell when a highly-touted book has flopped. Asked how it's going, the publisher answers, "It's still too early to tell." . . . The third "S" in that dynamic firm, Leon Shimkin, will get a couple of Trade Winds paragraphs on his own, if I ever can catch him with his briefcase down. . . .



A COMELY YOUNG WAC was walking alone on a dusty road when she espied a shimmery lake in a grove of beautiful trees. Not a soul was in sight. On an impulse, she took off all her clothes, and had a fine swim and sun bath in the altogether. Suddenly she saw an officer heading purposefully in her direction. She made a dive for her clothes, and sighed with relief when she got the last button closed before he entered the glade. The officer paid no attention to her whatever. He walked to the edge of the lake, wheeled about, and barked, "Camouflage battalion, 'tenshun! Forward march." Every tree around the lake marched off.

BENNETT CERF.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT: NO. 54

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. The solution to Crypt No. 54 will be found in the next issue.

ABCDC EF GHABEFI FH JCFKCDLACMN OHGHAHGHPF LF ABC FCL, LGJ E GH MHGICD QHGJCD LA ABC RDPCMAN HS KEDLACF.

—MHQCMM.

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 53

MIND OF SUPERIOR MAN IS CONVERSANT WITH RIGHTEOUSNESS. MIND OF MEAN MAN IS CONVERSANT WITH GAIN.

—CONFUCIUS.

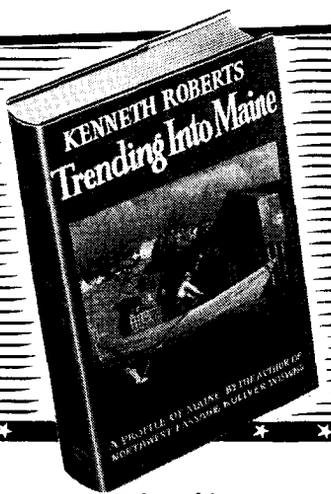
DOUBLEDAY, DORAN

calls your attention to a new edition of

TRENDING INTO MAINE

by

Kenneth Roberts



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Songs We Sing and Tales We Tell

A TREASURY OF AMERICAN FOLKLORE. Foreword by Carl Sandburg. New York: Crown Publishing Company. 1944. 932 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by JOHN A. LOMAX

DR. BOTKIN'S volume might fitly have been called a thesaurus, an encyclopedia—a literary storehouse of the stories, legends, tall tales, ballads, and songs of the American people. It is a monumental tome, a Behemoth, a Paul Bunyan among books, nearly one thousand closely packed but easy to read pages. The book represents a prodigious amount of patient and persistent labor by the editor, startling imagination and daring on the part of the publishers who have invested so heavily in a lowly and as yet unrecognized bi-product of American civilization — unrecognized by the great majority of scholars, the delvers into musty records of older peoples, who find no pleasure in the often rough and raucous output of a new people in a new land. Bryn Mawr College recently denied that the United States has any literature of its own, much less folk lore and folk songs. There are oodles of such Brynmawrites among professors in America.

Ben Botkin, a Bostonese Harvardite, was a pupil of the Jovian English scholar, George Lyman Kittredge, from whom he probably inherited his yen for the product of the folk. With stop-overs at Columbia University and the Universities of Nebraska and Oklahoma, he finally lighted in the Library of Congress as a Rosenwald fellow. There, while burrowing like a mole in a huge haystack, the Writers' Project found him and made him editor of its huge collection of folklore materials. Now he is Fellow in Folklore in the Library of Congress, in charge of the Archive of American Folk Song. Also he is the newly elected president of the American Folklore Society. While teaching English in the University of Oklahoma he edited for three years collections of folk and regional writing which he called "Folk Say, a Regional Miscellany."

Dr. Botkin may feel the need of this solid background when he comes to defend the new definition of folklore implied in the selection printed in his "Treasury." He meets his critics by defining folklore as the "stuff that travels and the stuff that sticks," in contrast to the generally accepted: "traditional customs, beliefs, tales, especially those of a superstitious or legendary character, preserved unreflectively among a people," as set forth in Webster's "New International Dictionary." Many items printed by Dr. Botkin are the undoubted product of an individual imagination; for example, flamboyant extracts from Congressional orations, such as Proctor Knott's famous speech on Duluth—(I wonder how he could omit Private John Allen's delicious plea for a fish hatchery at Tupelo, Mississippi); or extracts from enthusiastic exaggerations of Chambers of Commerce secretaries. The folk have not changed these pieces as they traveled about. In fact they have traveled by the printed page and not by the "word of mouth" process. A lot of them had "stuck" only in the dim archives of the Library of Congress until unearthed by the indefatigable Dr. Botkin. If they have now become folklore he is their creator. And we should be glad that he happened along.

—*Sketch by Jerry Bywaters*

Paul Bunyan

Carl Sandburg (at his best himself a fine ballad in the making) says in the Foreword: "In the heaped-up and sprawling materials of this book" you will enjoy the "company of nice darn fool yarn spinners . . . gloom chasers that moved many a good man who fought fire and flood, varmints and vermin . . . who proclaimed, 'We are breaking sod for unnumbered millions to come'." Here indeed the reader finds the tales, the lingo, and laughter of the frontier.

David Crockett is rightfully the lead-off man. Then comes the cowboy, his boasts, songs, yells, the pitching bronco and Dodge City; Wild Bill, Billy the Kid, Jesse James, Sam Bass, Roy Bean, Buffalo Bill, Big Foot Wallace, Paul Bunyan, John Henry, Casey Jones, Johnny Appleseed, and their lesser imitators (Dr. Botkin probably shied off from Oklahoma's Belle Starr and Calamity Jane, types of the Western roistering female.) This generous section, broken into small segments, would be the high school boys' delight, the Nick Carter series of the twentieth century; for the vivid stories, pungent and picturesque, are direct quotations taken from the best biographers of these typical Western gunmen, outlaws, desperadoes, and others who did not tread the Western trail.

Two or three hundred items make up the four succeeding sections: "Boosters and Knockers," "Jesters," "Liars," "Folk Tales and Legends." Here in the compass of five hundred pages is the largest collection in a single volume of American country life stories. All the best, from Mark Twain's "Jumping Frog" to the "Goat Who Flagged the Train." There are the stories that the old-time traveling salesman told his customers and which they swapped among themselves as they sat about the big wood stoves in country-wide hotel lobbies. Sandwiched in with this array of gorgeous American yarns are pages and pages of our native proverbs, slang phrases, figurative expressions, animal phrases, small town stuff, two pages of the vernacular of Negro people collected by Harris Dickson of Vicksburg, Mississippi, who told me that he got the best of them from groups of chaffing Negroes who didn't realize that a white man was listening to their repartee and banter. And the wonderful "Proverbs of a People," Sandburg's eleven-page poem, which in itself is a dictionary of current American slang

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and aphorisms. Of course Uncle Remus comes in and some choice excerpts from Zora Hurston's "Mules and Men"; but I do not understand why a book so inclusive should have omitted lore and Negro superstitions. You learn about vampires and whangdoodles but nothing about conjures and conjure bags. And the voodoo art, still practised in the New Orleans region, is not even mentioned. Also in the ballad section not one of the beautiful Negro spirituals is reprinted, to me the finest examples of genuine American folklore. And Dr. Botkin fails to include any quotation from Sut Lovingood, for which I'll never quite forgive him.

When the American Folklore Society met in its annual session at Yale in December, 1937, Mr. Henry Alsberg, at that time head of the Federal Writers' Project, requested the Society to select some competent person to come to Washington on a salary paid by the Project, and evaluate the collection of American folklore assembled through the work of thousands of collectors of the Writers' Project throughout the United States. He suggested also that this person should recommend procedure changes necessary in making further collections inclusive and authoritative. On the following day the Executive Committee of the Folklore Society by formal resolution declined to look into the merits of the Writers' Project collection on the ground that no one who is not a scientifically-trained folklorist can collect dependable folklore. Presumably the collector must go out among the people dressed in cap and gown. Other reporters are not to be trusted. The Writers' Project did not meet the Society's standard. They were outside the pale. Henry Alsberg went back to Washington crestfallen and humiliated, but finally he found Ben Botkin to put in charge of his folklore collection. Now, seven years after the pronouncement at the Yale meeting, Ben Botkin, President of this same Folklore Society, confesses in his Introduction to the "Treasury of American Folklore" that many of his most vital items came from the collections made by the Federal Writers' Project, now permanently deposited in the Library of Congress. In other words he brands as top-of-the-heap folklore what his very recent predecessors openly sneered at.

What then is folklore? Who knows? Who is going to decide? Whatever conclusions you may reach one thing is certain: you'll find a lot of surprisingly engrossing, purely American stories in Ben Botkin's "Treasury of American Folklore." It will wear for the next hundred years.

John A. Lomax is Honorary Curator of the Archive of American Folk Song of the Library of Congress.

War on the Trot

BORN IN BATTLE. By Captain Rowan T. Thomas. Philadelphia: The John C. Winston Co. 1944. 367 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by FLETCHER PRATT

THIS volume well deserves the adjective "remarkable"; even the manuscript has had physical adventures comparable with those of "The Seven Pillars of Wisdom." It was carried on a bombing raid over Italy, landed in Turkey, and was smuggled out of there by one hand and brought back to the United States by another.

Its author was one of the pilots of the now famous and disbanded 513th Bombardment Squadron. They bombed the Japs in the East Indies with the oldest model of B-17, gradually worked across the world through Karachi to the Middle East, where they went on missions while Rommel was tapping at the gates of El Alamein and wound up, for the first time with fighter support, striking at the German positions in Italy after the fall of Mussolini. The story is a kind of microcosm of the war, at least the war in the air, and most of it is told with a surprising energy, freshness, and intelligence.

This is probably because Captain Thomas wrote most of it as a diary while the show was still in progress. He was on the trot continually, living out of a suitcase with very little space in which to carry a bulky manuscript so that a process of natural selection came into operation and he set down only the really interesting and important items. The result is about as good a picture of life in a bombing squadron as we are likely to get, now or any other time.

There are a few small fly specks. Individuals mentioned are pretty well characterized and individualized but there are a good many of them and at times it gets a trifle hard to follow just who was where at what time. All the companions are heroic and good fellows and all the higher officers are bright—to which one can only say, come around again and give us the whole story at the end of the war. Finally, at the end of the book where the bombing of Italy is being discussed, there is a distinct let down both in style and interest, probably accounted for by the fact that this does not seem to have been written up from a diary but from memory.

Still among war books this gets an A rating until someone can come along with a franker narrative.

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—*San Francisco Chronicle*

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(*Continued from page* 10)

agreed that it was a shame the way young and healthy Englishmen—or, perhaps, it was Americans—went around the world and stepped on the feet of elderly and peaceable Germans.

Talk about Walpurgis!

Years later I learned how simple it all was. Years later the Lett explained it. He had been in business in Berlin. It was a system, a purge, a moral uplift, and a rededication. You enlarged yourself, and the German Empire, and the memory of the Teutonic Knights, and Wagner, and everything. It was just like taking a big breath of fresh air. Every so often you got angry. If you were a business man, it was delightfully simple. Twice a month or so, having had a good breakfast, and kissed your wife, and come in from the suburbs, you arrived at your office, took off your coat, adjusted the flower in your button hole, grown in your own hot-frame, and got angry. Got angry with all those near you, and then they passed it down the line.

From there on for awhile, everyone did extra good work, and knew what was what.

Obviously it was *kultur,* and a well organized country, with all things in their niches, and how, if you didn't show it, could anyone know how important you were, anyhow? Just who got angry with the Emperor was a question, for he had recently taken into partnership the only person sufficiently "high and well-geboren." Beggars, and people like that, had dogs, of course.

But by the time the big, soft man got on at Innsbruck, if I didn't know the secret, I at least knew the cure. I had been in Germany a fairly long while.

He was a horrid man, and he had a big, fat, tired looking wife, and the compartment had been crowded all the way up from Italy, and then, when the train stopped, two men got off and walked up and down the platform as if they were coming back. That left one seat that had been vacant all along.

The big, horrid man stuck his head into the compartment and looked around.

"Any vacancies?" he asked.

No one answered him because I think they were all Poles or Czechs or Italians.

"Well?" he demanded.

I spoke up.

"I think, sir," I said, "there is one vacant seat. Unless I am mistaken, the other two are occupied by those gentlemen walking up and down the platform."

"Ach, so!" he said, and sat down, leaving his wife standing.

The train went on, and the two men on the platform did not return.

"I am mistaken, sir," I said. "I am sorry."

I recognized the baleful eye, like that of a bull throwing dust, and in a moment the tirade came, rising to a crescendo. Ah yes, yes! That was it! The English everywhere—yes, insolent, cruel, with their big teeth! It was their idea of humor and—this was hissed—hatred. Just like that Englishman (why, I don't know, any more than on the Brocken) over in the corner. He had lied deliberately in order that a poor tired woman would have to stand up at least five minutes unnecessarily. Well—they would learn their lesson some day. Ah yes, there would come a day.

I think I must have been hypnotized. I arose in a sort of trance. I walked slowly the length of the compartment and placed my thumb and middle-finger under his nose and snapped them.

"Silence, pig!" I said. "Be still, swine! Not another word out of you," and then I went back to my seat.

The rest of the afternoon was very pleasant. I could feel a sort of atmosphere of satisfaction spreading through the compartment, and presently all of us—the Poles, the Czechs, the Italians, and myself—went to sleep.

STRUTHERS BURT.

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Your Literary I. Q.

By Howard Collins

CHARACTERS WHO WERE DROWNED

This week's quiz is concerned with characters who met death by drowning. Can you identify each, as well as the story in which he appeared? Allowing 5 points for each correct answer, a score of 60 is par, 70 is very good, and 80 or better is excellent. Answers are on page 22.

1. During a fog and flood on the Mississippi, when his show boat had struck a snag, this captain fell off the bridge and drowned.
2. This fisherman was drowned while attempting to rescue from a stricken ship the man who had betrayed his fiancee.
3. Although he kept an artificial respirator on hand for emergencies, this brain surgeon drowned because at the moment he needed it the respirator was being used on a wealthy playboy.
4. So modest was this maiden that, rather than remove her clothes so a sailor could swim to shore with her from a wrecked ship, she stayed on board and went down.
5. "O no! Then list with tearful eye, whilst I his fate do tell: his soul did from this cold world fly by falling down a well."
6. Lost in a snow storm, this little girl walked off a bridge and into a watery grave.
7. Unhinged by her father's sudden death at the hands of her fiance who was apparently going batty, she fell into a brook and didn't know enough to come out.
8. After working fervently to convert a prostitute, this missionary did a bit of backsliding himself and then drowned himself in remorse.
9. During a raging flood she set out in a rowboat to rescue her estranged brother and drowned in his arms when the boat was sunk.
10. After harpooning a whale, this captain was caught in the harpoon's line and dragged out of the boat to drown.

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The Phoenix Nest

IT is possible that some of you missed seeing a Decoration-Day poem released by the King Features Syndicate on May 27, written by Ward Greene, writer of novels and other fiction. It was about the forgotten men on Mindanao, the prisoners of the Japs, who "walked the road from Bataan and Corregidor, after Gethsemane." It would be a good poem for every fighting man in the Pacific to paste inside his helmet. Thirty thousand American prisoners—if they still live! Congratulations, Ward Greene!

Owing to war-time expenses I have spoken laughingly of calling our little place at Pigeon Cove "On The Rocks," because that is literally what it is. But Earle Walbridge advises me that Dr. Rinehart once suggested to Mary Roberts Rinehart that they call their house near Pittsburgh, "The Bluff"—"because that's what we're putting up." Which is comforting.

Anyway, though on the rocks, we are also right on the ocean, and I can now look at it, glittering away to unbounded horizons, like a publisher's promise.

Once Elinor Wylie wrote a story, "King's Pity," and was horrified to find that long ago Charles Major had also told the love story of Charles Brandon and Mary Tudor, in a best-seller of the period, "When Knighthood Was in Flower." Later on Elinor's story was published, I think by Percy Waxman in *The Pictorial Review*. Being in her own inimitable manner, and as she had never read Major's novel, it naturally triumphed in its own right. Now the indefatigable Walbridge tells me that Charles Major originally intended to name his romance "Charles Brandon, Duke of Suffolk"; but "John J. Curtis of Bobbs-Merrill probably insured the book's success when he persuaded Major to call it 'When Knighthood Was in Flower,' from Leigh Hunt's 'The Gentle Armour.'—

There lived a knight, when knighthood was in flow'r,
Who charmed alike the tilt-yard and the bow'r;
Young, handsome, blithe, loyal and brave of course,
He stuck as firmly to his friend as horse;
And only showed, for so complete a youth,
Somewhat too perfect a regard for truth. . ."

Walbridge reminds me that Louis Untermeyer's autobiographical "From Another World" discourses pleasantly on romances of that period and type, such as Mary Johnston's "To Have and To Hold." I find myself at this late date "collecting" Mary Johnston's novels. She is certainly someone the Phoenix should certify against oblivion. So is that amazing many-writing-named Marjorie Bowen whose extraordinary first effort, published by S S. McClure, "The Viper of Milan," I have at last been able to pick up second-hand. . . . And, to reward Walbridge slightly, I am thinking of sending him a paper-backed copy of F. Anstey's "A Fallen Idol," which I have found around the house here. I have greatly enjoyed reading it.

Earle Waldbridge has sent me a letter concerning Mrs. E. D. E. N. Southworth's "The Hidden Hand," a communication I am much tempted to publish *in toto,* as it contains extraordinary revelations; but I actually haven't the nerve to fill *all* this column with that noted bibliomaniac, so it must go over till next week.

Bridget Dryden of Los Angeles helps me along at this point by contributing

A CERTAIN SATIRIST

Had he blent wormwood with his honesty,
The moralist would have lauded him, certainly.
While as a fact, that other gallery,
Fail to appreciate his raillery.
His erstwhile cupmates of the Hellfire Club
Grumble; "The rascal's honest. There's the rub."

For to be whipped with laughter was the limit.
"A rake—what impudence!" both roar. "God demn it."

It reminds me, the subject, of Byron. Probably I'm entirely wrong.

Recently a young woman of my acquaintance was reading aloud some blurbs concerning old books. She is about twelve. At the end of each quotation she ejaculated "Ect, ect, ect," rather like Donald Duck. I discovered that she was pronouncing the abbreviation for "etcetera." Life is charming, like that!

Besides, I like those spiral notebooks, and I have a contribution from one who signs himself "Jake" and lives out in Detroit. Here it is:

TO MY SPIRAL NOTE-BOOK
(*present from a lady*)

You're smallish but silver and clean,
And firm to your cover,
But ready to stand to or lean
To your designate lover.

You speak from your heart to a pencil
Worthy to render prehensile
And inspire with fire your wire.

You fill up and fit in the pocket
Like a feminine face in a locket,
Fore-gather the popular fancies
And ledger my necromancies—
Till you break in the ache of mistake.

Oh dear, why do I have to work so hard!

WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT.

PERSONALS

ADVERTISEMENTS will be accepted in this column for things wanted or unwanted; personal services to let or required; literary or publishing offers not easily classified elsewhere; miscellaneous items appealing to a special and intelligent clientèle; jobs wanted, houses or camps for rent, tutoring, traveling companions, ideas for sale; communications of a decorous nature, expressions of opinion (limited to fifty lines). Ads of a strictly personal nature are limited to an exchange of correspondence, thus also enabling an exchange of reference. Rates: 10 cents per word including signature. Count two additional words for Box and Number. Payment in full must be received eight days in advance of publication. We forward all mail received in answer to box numbers. Address Personal Dept., Saturday Review, 25 West 45th Street, New York 19, N. Y.

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(*Continued on page 22*)

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PERSONALS

(*Continued from page* 21)

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3. Dr. Hudson, in "The Magnificent Obsession," by Lloyd Douglas.
4. Virginia de la Tour, in "Paul and Virginia," by Bernardin de Saint-Pierre.
5. Stephen Dowling Botts, in "Huckleberry Finn," by Mark Twain.
6. "Lucy Gray," by William Wordsworth.
7. Ophelia, in "Hamlet," by W. Shakespeare.
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9. Maggie Tulliver, in "The Mill on the Floss," by George Eliot.
10. Captain Ahab, in "Moby Dick," by Herman Melville.

PERSONALS

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The Crostics Club

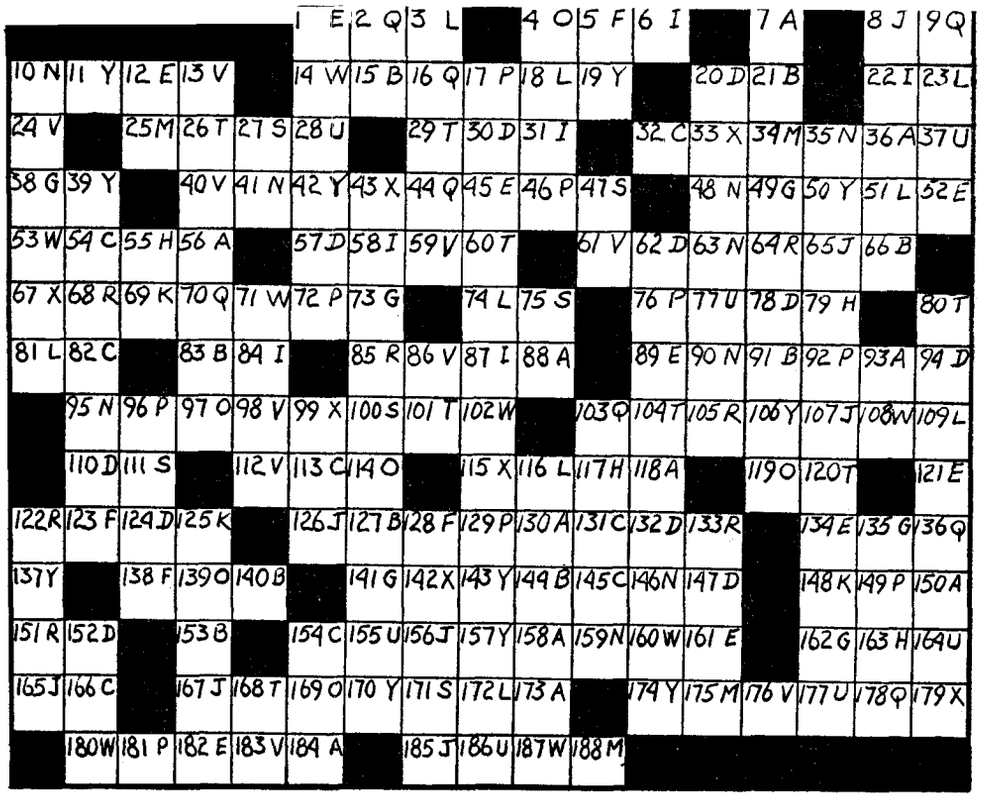
YOU no doubt realized that the episode given by Mr. Boissard, as *printed* in this column, June 17, has no point. It should have been printed as a fraction with *Hill* as the numerator and *Mass.* as the denominator. Then the *Mark* under *Hill* and over *Mass.* would have shown the clue!

You recall my discovery of Caroline of Anspach. By an amusing coincidence while browsing among the books of the Fireside Alcove in the Wellesley College Library my eye caught a substantial volume, "Caroline of England, an Augustan Portrait," by Peter Quennell. No doubt she is familiar to some of you through Horace Walpole's Prime Ministry and close friendship, but I had forgotten the part he played in George II's reign. The book well repaid me for the reading. Did you know that, despite the mistresses he and Caroline countenanced at Court, so devoted was he to Caroline, that he had her coffin made with a sliding side that at his death it might be removed and they not separated? The two coffin panels, narrates Mr. Quennell, may be seen against the walls of the Chapel in Westminster in which they are buried.

Not long ago in defining *Daedalus* for you I came upon a discrepancy between my Gayley's "Classic Myths" and my "WNI," and fearful of the repercussions bound to follow from our classical DCers, I wrote to the "WNI" for an explanation. Were Daedalus's wings made of feathers bound by wax or of wax itself? This reply should interest you:

"Since the Daedalus-Icarus adventure with wings is a piece of mythology, it is hardly possible to subject it to the sort of scientific analysis to which historical events may be subjected. You will note that in our own 'Webster's Collegiate Dictionary,' Fifth Edition (1944), at *Daedalus* we use the phrasing 'wings made of feathers.' Artistic representations indicate that the artist interprets the legend in favor of wings of feathers—presumably held together by some adhesive substance. You may be interested in the following references from classical writers. Ovid's 'Metamorphoses' 8, 159, 183, 195; Horace's 'Odes' 1, 3, 34; Vergil's 'Aeneid' 6, 14; Pliny 7, 56, 57; Martial 4, 49, 5." Is this reply not a vindication of the meticulous investigation the publishers do from year to year? For the 1940 WNI said, "Wings of Wax."

Did you note that Charles Merz was honored with an advanced degree at the June Commencement exercises of Columbia University for his outstanding work as Editor of *The New York Times?* If you didn't know who the Editor is, you know it now. And yet such are the ethics of newspaper publication that I can't attach his name to a *Times* editorial for you. E. S. K.



Double-Crostics: No. 536

By ELIZABETH S. KINGSLEY

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-five words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square on the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Reading up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; therefore words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (1940 edition).

The solution of last week's *Double Crostic* will be found on page 11 of this issue.

DEFINITIONS

A. A powerful beam revealing the hidden or obscure.

B. *Acer Saccharum* (2 wds.)

C. Group of Islands south of New Zealand.

D. A Bookmaker's clerk who records the wagers (Horse racing; 2 wds.)

E. Paramount; supreme.

F. Leather flask for oil, etc. (Gr. Archaeol.)

G. Apparently unlimited quantities or spaces.

H. A mass of solidified lava in the vent of a volcano (Geol.)

I. French sculptor (1813-78) (*Napoleon Bonaparte; Charlemagne*).

J. Unobservant; without thought.

K. An affirmative.

L. Friend and counselor of Cowper; also title of a poem by him.

M. Relaxation; freedom from worry.

N. Pugging (Arch.)

O. To handle hesitatingly.

P. Brought to light.

Q. A small quantity; a lot.

R. Entwine.

S. To bend the head as if drowsy (comp.)

T. Author of "The Conqueror" (1902).

U. Unbending; growing genial or gentle.

V. Unrestrained; unregulated.

W. Occasionally (3 wds.)

X. Blockheads.

Y. Misled or tricked by oneself (comp.)

WORDS

118 56 7 130 36 93 158 150 173 88 184

66 15 83 153 144 140 91 21 127

145 113 32 154 166 131 54 82

94 30 62 147 57 20 78 110 132 152 124

134 182 45 121 52 89 12 161 1

5 138 128 123

135 141 38 162 49 73

163 117 55 79

6 84 22 58 31 87

167 165 156 107 185 65 8 126

125 69 148

109 23 18 116 51 81 3 74 172

34 175 25 188

95 48 90 63 41 10 159 35 146

114 119 4 97 169 139

17 72 46 129 181 92 149 96 76

70 2 9 16 178 103 136 44

64 151 85 133 68 122 105

75 171 47 111 27 100

80 29 26 101 104 60 168 120

177 37 77 28 186 155 164

176 183 112 40 61 86 24 59 13 98

71 14 180 53 187 102 108 160

99 43 142 67 33 115 179

42 157 11 174 39 19 137 143 170 106 50

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Lillian SMITH

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